

the chickens, who are fond of charcoal, and must have considered this an extra entertainment. Cleansing the air of the house was not so easy.

You would have supposed that Susy would be shy of the oven after that, but it made no difference. The next week she put her overshoes in it, on two sticks of wood, "so as to be perfectly safe, just for a moment, to warm them through." When Ned came in twenty minutes later and sniffed the air of the kitchen, he, too, peeped into the oven.

"My! What a good dinner we'll have! Baked overshoes are so juicy and rich!" he said to a little girl who just then came flying in. "Please reach me the tongs, sis," he added, and he fished out of the oven two shriveled, sticky objects. Poor Susy burst into tears; and it was some time before she heard the last of her new-fashioned cookery. Ned insisted she ought to get out a new cook-book.

I have given you two samples of Susy's way, but I am glad to add that she is improving. Mother had to adopt a pretty rigorous system of the discipline, and Susy finds she can help forgetting more than she ever thought she could.

THOUGHT OF HER BOYS

During the early part of a dinner given in Washington, the guest of honor, a young married woman who is the proud mother of two very small boys, suddenly paused, with a startled look, in the midst of an animated conversation with her host and cried: "There, if I didn't forget those boys again! Have you a telephone in the house, and may I use it?" Her host, says the *Argonaut*, conducted her to the telephone, and presently she returned. "I do hope you will pardon me," she said; "but, you see, I always have Georgie and Eddie say their prayers to me before they go to sleep. In the hurry of getting off, I forgot it to-night, so I have just called up their nurse. She brought the children to the 'phone, and they have just said their prayers over the wire, so my mind is relieved."—*Philadelphia Record*,

SOME GOOD RULES

Phrenological Journal.

These rules, handed down by somebody's grandmother, are good ones for our boys and girls to remember.

Always look at the person to whom you speak. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Speak your words plainly; do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer no to do? Then listen to wise old grandmother. Do the hard thing first and get it over

with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward. Do first the things you don't like to do, and then with a clear conscience, try the rest.

The Little People

JUNIOR LESSON FOR MAY 15

Our Bodies God's Temples.—I Cor. 3: 16-23.

Dear Boys and Girls:—We trust you are making good use of these weekly lessons; that you have regular meetings and study that portion of God's word here outlined. There are a great many books in the world, but the best of all is the Bible. There is no other that is worth so much to us as this book we call the Bible. Every boy and girl should study the Bible every day. These lessons will help you in its study.

This is a very beautiful lesson, but it is also one that is not very well understood. Now let us learn a few practical truths from the lesson:

1. God is in this world. We can not see him, but we can see the wonderful works he is doing. Some people think God is way off among the stars and that when they die they will take a long journey and go to him. But this is not true. God is here in this world, and heaven is not so far away as we think. Now turn to the first chapter of Matthew and read verse 23. Jesus was God, and when he came into the world God was with us, and he has been with us ever since.

2. He not only dwells in the world, but he will come and live in our hearts, if we let him. He wants to make his home in our hearts, but there are some things we must do before he will come in. Would you not like to have God and Jesus live with you? Well take your Bible and read John 14: 23. What does it say? If we love Jesus and keep his word, he and the Father will come and make their abode with us. What a blessed thought this is, to have Jesus and God live with us.

In our lesson it says our bodies are God's temples. What then should we do with our bodies? We should first of all keep them clean. Do you think God and Jesus will want to live in one's heart when he chews and smokes tobacco or drinks whiskey? We think not. Let us keep our bodies clean, free from all filth. Then too, we should try to keep in good health, so that we can do much service for Jesus.

Glim, the Champion

B. C. MOOMAW

Little Robbie cried when bad Jake beat his dog, a large young Newfoundland which was his own doggie, everywhere following him and always ready for a romp. Glim was an amiable as well as a very intelligent dog, and at first did not know what to make of the rough treatment he was getting. Never before had anyone struck him in anger, so hard too as to hurt, and never before had he been spoken to in harsh, rude tones. He was disposed to play until he realized that Jake did not mean play, then he broke away and stood at a respectful distance, looking at Jake in a wondering way as if he was trying to clear up the situation in his own mind.

When Jake saw that the dog had escaped him, he commenced to tease Rob, pulled his ears, pinched his arms, slapped his face, and tried to force his dirty fist into the little fellow's mouth, causing him to cry out with

pain. He had forgotten the dog, and was partly turned away so that he did not see Glim's terrific rush. He felt it though, as he went to the ground with a slam and lay half stunned, the angry dog snarling in his face.

"Call him off, Rob," said he in tones of fear.

Rob took hold of the big dog's collar and led him away, Glim looking back as they departed and growling a warning farewell to the boy who dared to hurt his little master and playmate. This was Glim's first lesson as Rob's champion. It taught him how to protect the little fellow, and it made him sensible of his own power. After that no one dared to be rude toward little Robbie.

On a certain day only a few weeks after this first adventure, Glim did his little master a very great service. Not far from where Rob's parents lived there was a large city where some very wicked people lived who would do wicked things just to make money. It was spring, and Rob and Glim had permission from Rob's mamma to go a short distance along the roadside to see the red robins which were hopping about in the meadow. They had just gone around the turn of the road out of sight of the house when a buggy from the city drove up with two men in it. One of them jumped out and seized little Rob, by both arms and carried him toward the buggy. The poor boy was dreadfully frightened, but he could not cry out because the strong man held his big hand right over his mouth and nose so tight that he could hardly breathe. Glim had strayed away after a bird, but he heard the noise of the buggy and looked back just in time to see his little master kicking and struggling in the arms of the strange man. With a fierce growl he rushed to the rescue, but by the time he got to them the men were in the buggy whipping the horse and driving away very rapidly. Glim ran after them as fast as he could, and seeing that he could not get at the men in the buggy he sprang at the horse and seized him by the nose. The poor horse was dreadfully frightened and reared, snorted and plunged, breaking the buggy shaft, but Glim held him fast. One of the men then jumped out of his buggy and tried to shoot the dog, but Glim was too quick for him. He sprang on the man with such violence as to hurl him to the ground, and as he fell the ugly pistol flew out of his hand. By this time some men working in a field not far away heard the noise and came running to see what was the matter. Fearing that he would be captured the man who was holding Rob, sprang from the buggy and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him, leaving the little boy behind. The men in the field knew Rob and his dog, and when they saw Rob crying as loud as he knew how, and Glim holding the strange man, they said, "This is a thief," and so they took him to an officer and had him locked up in jail. Thus we see that because Rob was always kind to his dog, Glim dearly loved him